

Michael's Girls



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Michael's Girls

Part 1

Chapter 1

“Welcome, Tracey. Please take a seat. I’ll just take a minute to review your application, and then we can talk. You can relax. In spite of what you might have heard, I really don’t bite.”

Tracey smiled and perched on the edge of the chair opposite Michael’s desk. In spite of his gracious manner, it was impossible for her to relax. She wanted this job. Enough of working long hours on her feet at a low end department store—she was too attractive to put up with that; all her friends told her so.

Glancing up at her occasionally as he read her resume, Michael considered the young woman. Her blonde hair was cut short in a kind of pixie style, emphasizing the classic prettiness of her face and her smooth, tanned skin. She had startlingly clear blue eyes that broadcast a youthful freshness and curiosity. He noted the schedule she said she worked at the department store and briefly wondered how she found the time to maintain that tan. The third time he looked up he let his eyes rove downward over her body and then back to her face. He did not try to disguise his interest in her obvious curves.

“Well, you certainly have had lots of sales experience,” he said with a broad smile. “But not in a store like this. Why do you want to work at Feldman’s?”

Still blushing from his frank appraisal Tracey blurted out the answer she had prepared for that question. “I want to work at a high end store, with high end products and customers. Feldman’s is without a doubt the classiest store in this area. I saw your ad and decided to give it a shot.”

“I’m glad you did,” he responded. “You would add some real glamour to the place. However, I am curious as to why, with your looks, you are still a sales clerk. You could be making big money as a model in the city.”

Tracey felt her face redden again. She knew of Michael's reputation as a ladies' man, but she had not expected him to be so charming and flattering in the opening minutes of her interview. It was a good sign that he liked her. He was much more poised and confident than the boys she had been dating, and better looking too; plus he was reputed to be very rich. She was ready for some adventure.

"Oh I'm much too shy to be a model," she said, subtly batting her eyes. "And I'm sure the competition is fierce. I like having a steady job with a salary I can count on."

"How much do you know about jewelry?" he asked with a smile.

"Only that I like it," she joked. "You would have to teach me the fine points."

Michael thought he would like that task. Her sexy innocence appealed to him. He wondered if she was as innocent as she put on. She might be just the type he loved to introduce to his quirky sexual proclivities. If she responded, great; if she were turned off, so be it. There were lots of others.

But there were other considerations. The high end jewelry business was very competitive. Chain stores that advertised nationally and had a presence in all the upscale shopping malls dominated the industry. However in a few wealthy towns well established family businesses still did well. Feldman's Jewelers had been in existence for almost fifty years when Michael Feldman inherited it from his parents. He could not afford to have a sales clerk who looked good but alienated his customers.

"You are obviously an intelligent young lady, and I could teach you what you needed to know, but you would have to follow my instructions exactly. I impose tight discipline on my employees."

The word 'discipline' struck a chord in Tracey. She had heard rumors about the way Michael treated women. A slight tingle went down her spine. She was well aware of her persistent fantasies connected with the idea of male discipline. From the way he spoke and the intensity of his gaze, she felt he was testing her.

"Oh that would not be a problem," she said quickly. "I take direction very well. I mean, once you taught me about jewelry I'm sure I could present it well to the customers."

Michael looked into her eyes and waited. He sensed her nervousness and the suppressed excitement in her demeanor. She would be a delightful challenge. And that body of hers would be a prize worth working for. He decided to lead her a bit further, but carefully so as to not scare her off.

“It is great fun to sell expensive jewelry to people who can afford it. The pieces are beautiful, and their brilliant glitter is matched by the sparkle in a woman’s eyes when she looks in the mirror wearing a ten thousand dollar necklace. The purchase decision is often made by men, sometimes at night by special appointment. They come after work and buy things to surprise their special ladies, who usually have dropped hints about what they like. Would you have a problem working late on those occasions?”

Thinking that the scenario Michael outlined was very reasonable, Tracey nodded enthusiastically. “No, not a problem.”

“Good. You could close lots of sales by modeling the jewelry and showing the man good his lover was going to look in it.”

Yet another blush crossed her face. “I would like that,” she breathed.

“Of course you would have to dress to please. High heels, tight cloths, low cut tops, that sort of thing. Men want sex in return for spending their hard earned cash. Your job would be to stimulate their imagination.”

Tracey sat back and took a deep breath. The word ‘sex’ had entered the conversation. Although it was on her mind, she had not expected Michael to be so specific. He pressed her. “Well, could you to that? I need a commitment.”

There was no longer any doubt about where things would go if she took this job. She had no time to think, and didn’t want to. Her answer came instinctively, like a courtesan responding to a proposition. “Yes.... I could do that.” Then after a pause, she added. “I think I would be quite good at it.”

He regarded her for a moment. “I apologize in advance, but I must ask you a personal question. Do you have a steady boyfriend?”

Again she sucked in a breath. “Uh, I’m sort of between boyfriends right now.”

Michael smiled. “That’s just as well when you are getting started in a new job.

And not having to worry about a jealous boyfriend you could be, shall we say, freer with our customers.” He sat back and waited for her reaction.

The innuendos were not lost on Tracey. She had already crossed the threshold. It was about time she took advantage of her attractiveness to men and got a decent job.

“I understand,” she replied.

“Good. As I said, I run a tight ship and demand results from my sales people.

He held her eyes with an intensity that was unnerving. His description of the job and his manner promised excitement and adventure. And the way he was looking at her left no doubt that he was interested in more than her sales ability. His emphasis on the word ‘demand’ made her heart beat faster.

“I would not disappoint you,” she said, unblinking. “I like a boss who enforces the rules. I want this job.”

He was more than satisfied with her declaration. “Okay,” he said. “I’ll hire you on a 90 day trial basis. Give your present employer two weeks’ notice and then report here. No extra time off. Your base salary will be twice whatever it is now, plus a ten percent commission on what you sell. If you follow my instructions you could be making a six figure income within a year. Get yourself the proper clothes, one set for daytime work in the store, and another set for night appointments. Any questions?”

The rapid fire offer put her off balance. All she could say was “Yes sir.”

Michael felt a familiar surge ripple through his body. All the signals he was receiving indicated that this beautiful and inexperienced young woman would be suitably submissive in the hands of a strong man. It was only a matter of picking the right time, place, and circumstance.

Chapter 2

Feldman's Jewelers was located in the old part of downtown near the good restaurants and the other boutique businesses that had survived the move to the suburbs. Michael renovated the building, arranged for convenient parking, and decorated the store to emulate the famous Tiffany's in New York. On the second floor he created a luxurious apartment for himself.

Michael was the ideal type of person to own a jewelry store. Still unmarried at age thirty five, he was handsome, charming, and very knowledgeable about precious stones. Well-healed customers were willing to pay his high prices in order to be assured they were getting genuine products. Feldman's advertising stressed the long term investment value of flawless, one-of-a-kind jewels, and Michael's reputation for honesty was beyond reproach.

In his personal life, however, Michael was known as something of a rogue. He flirted shamelessly with his female customers and was reputed to have some wild parties in his bachelor living quarters above the store. One story about a Michael party told of women bartering sexual favors for the chance to adorn themselves with thousands of dollars worth of jewelry borrowed from the store. Many a sweet young thing had designs on Michael, but he hadn't been cornered yet.

The fact was Michael had somewhat unusual sexual tastes. He liked to be the boss in the bedroom, and he liked women who were aroused by being dominated. Nothing turned him on more than the whimpers of a bound woman being punished and stimulated at the same time. A riding crop, a paddle, a light whip, a collection of clamps and vibrators--these were the toys he liked to play with. Once he determined that a woman of interest was bent in the right direction he would gradually get into her head and gain her trust until he could get her to submit to him.

Over the years he had developed subtle techniques to gauge whether a woman might share his sexual inclinations. He might hold her wrists over head against the wall as he kissed her, or refer casually to a picture or movie that depicted sexual submission. Women who were turned off by that kind of thing would generally give him a strong indication. But frequently he would get positive

signals, and then he would then gradually escalate and push his quarry to her limit. In Tracey's case, he felt he had already seen the tell-tale signs.

Michael's greatest turn on was in leading an excited but reluctant woman as she surrendered herself to her submissive sexuality. Often his lady friends were surprised at their own reaction. The modern woman was not supposed to be submissive. He had a way of easing them past their inhibitions and discovering their sexual cores. But he had to be careful. Some became addicted to the pleasure he gave them and were always available when he wanted them. Others, however, could become jealous and vindictive when they could not have Michael all to themselves. There was the real risk that one of his girlfriends might talk about the way she had been treated and deny that it was consensual.

It was with this in mind that Michael combined his passion for kinky sex with his love of technical gadgetry. He had concealed video cameras and microphones installed everywhere in Feldman's building. There was not an area or an angle that was not covered. The considerable cost of such an elaborate surveillance system was a legitimate business expense for a high end jewelry store.

The wireless transmissions were collected in a massive data base in a computer center in a secure room in his apartment. He spent many hours editing and cataloging his clandestine recordings. Security videos from the store were automatically deleted once a week, but the special ones from Michael's office and apartment were date stamped, indexed, and archived for his and other's viewing pleasure, or for blackmail. At the slightest sign that a girl might cause trouble he would email her a brief video as a 'memento' of their 'wonderful time together'.

Michael's first impression of Tracey had been that she was too young and too attractive. She was so pretty that he thought she might be a put off for his female customers. Older women buying expensive jewelry to make themselves look good didn't want to be reminded that they would never be as appealing as a twenty something beauty with bedroom eyes and a body to match.

On the other hand, he was intrigued by her and managed to convince himself that her sexiness might get his male customers to buy something just to please her. He admitted to himself that this was probably a rationalization to do what he wanted and hire the girl so he could work on tapping into that latent sexuality.

For the first few weeks Tracey was unassuming and focused on learning the job. Michael spent a lot of time with her teaching her the fine points about jewels. He played the role of the supportive boss and mentor, without making any suggestions about extracurricular activities. She did well and earned a couple of big commissions. The hook was being set. He wanted her totally committed and dependent on the job before he revealed his demands. Then he would come on strong and push her over the edge before she could marshal a defense. It was a technique that had worked for him in the past, provided that the woman's natural impulses matched his, and it saved a lot of time.

After all the sexual implications in her interview Tracey wondered why Michael had not made any advances. She had not even been asked to participate in any afterhours private showings, even though she knew some had occurred. The strapless cocktail dress she had purchased still hung unused in her closet. She decided to nudge Michael by becoming flippant with some of the customers. When women took too much of Tracey's time without buying anything, she would brush them aside with a comment like "let me know when you make up your mind", and walk away.

Michael observed and waited. He wanted to catch her in a blatant error so that he would have an excuse to punish her and bend her to his will. She would either submit or leave. He would not let the 90 day trial period expire before testing her.

His opportunity came on a Saturday afternoon three weeks after Tracey had started. One of the store's best customers, a Mrs. Hollyfield, came in and asked to see some diamond necklaces. Tracey did not know Mrs. Hollyfield and did not think that this woman was really going to buy one of the expensive necklaces, so she merely pointed to the display case and went to chat with a male customer who was on his way out of the store. Mrs. Hollyfield was incensed, and told another clerk that she wanted to see Michael immediately.

Michael was in his office in the back of the store behind the stockroom. When he was told that Mrs. Hollyfield was upset and wanted to see him he acted without hesitation. Gwen Hollyfield spent thousands of dollars in Feldman's every year.

"Please escort Mrs. Hollyfield back to my office," he said to the clerk.

He was on his feet to greet his customer at the door. "Why hello, Gwen," he said

cheerfully. “Nice to see you.”

Gwen stormed into his office and closed the door behind her.

“You may not be so glad when I tell you what just happened”, she exclaimed angrily. “Your new sales girl with the short skirt and the big boobs just insulted me. I came in here to buy a \$5,000 necklace, and now I am going somewhere else!”

There was no doubt in Michael’s mind that the offending clerk was Tracey. The time had come to put her in her place. But at the same time he had to mollify Gwen Hollyfield. He could not afford to lose one of his best customers and have his store’s reputation maligned.

“I will fire her on the spot” he stated firmly. “There is no excuse for offending you. No matter what.”

“That’s not good enough, Michael,” she said. “The fact that you hired such a girl, obviously because of her sexy looks, tells me that you no longer deserve my business.”

Michael knew that Gwen was an earthy woman with a strong interest in sex. Although middle-aged, she had a trim figure and dressed to show it off. He had flirted with her for years, and they often had commented on sexy young girls. Her comments about Tracey’s looks gave him an idea on how to placate her.

“Now Gwen, maybe we can work together to salvage this situation. This new girl, Tracey, needs to be taught some manners. If you would help me do that, you could pay her back for her rudeness, and you would be doing both me and her a favor.”

“What do you have in mind?” Gwen asked with a raised eyebrow.

“I am a firm believer in corporal punishment for young people,” he said with a smile. “Spare the rod and spoil the child, as they say.”

Gwen was surprised, but intrigued. “You mean spank her? She’s a grown woman. Surely you cannot do that.”

Michael saw the sparkle in Gwen’s eyes, and he knew he had not only hit on the

solution to the problem, but had found a potential new playmate. He said simply, “Why not? She certainly deserves it. And it will either be that or out on the street for her.”

Gwen was aware of her incipient excitement, but also afraid of where it might lead her. It was one thing to flirt with Michael; it was something else again to put herself in a compromising situation where her reputation might suffer. She had no illusions about getting romantically involved with Michael. He was too young, too handsome, too rich, and had too many young women after him to be seriously interested in a middle-aged divorcee, no matter how well preserved.

“Why Michael, I’m not surprised you want to spank that sexy creature,” she said with a sly grin. “If you can get away with it, more power to you. But you can’t expect me to be involved. If my friends found out I would be mortified!”

“Who’s going to find out? Besides I could not do it without having another female present as a witness. Otherwise I could be accused of all sorts of things. It would be like having a nurse present when a male doctor examines a female patient.”

“Ha. Some nurse I would be. I would like to see that impudent bottom get what’s coming to it. You go ahead, and then tell me about it afterwards. If I know she has received such a humiliating punishment I will forgive the insult in your store.”

“No Gwen. It’s important that Tracey be humiliated in front of you. It’s the only way she is going to learn her place. If I spank her alone, she will see it just as me taking advantage of the situation to make a sexual advance. With you present it will be strictly punishment.”

“I don’t know Michael. She might talk afterwards.”

“Listen to me Gwen. Tracey is making more money than she thought possible. She will not want to lose this job. And I’ll let you in on a little secret. I’m ninety nine percent certain that Miss Tracey will get off on being spanked, and I will have a video to prove it. There’s no way she’s going to talk to anyone.”

Gwen sucked in her breath. Given her own fantasies she could see how a girl could be turned on by being spanked by a man like Michael. “How can you be so sure of a thing like that?” she asked.

“I say things and pick up signals. I have a sense for this kind of thing. I’m seldom wrong. In fact, I suspect that the proper Mrs. Hollyfield has thoughts along those lines.”

“Michael!”

He smiled at her. “Now don’t be offended. If it’s true, it’s nothing to be ashamed about. If it’s not true, you are missing out on an exciting dimension of life. But let’s get back to Tracey. To show my confidence in my assessment of her, I will put up that expensive necklace you want as a kind of bond. If Tracey is not moaning and groaning in the end, the necklace is yours.”

Gwen was torn. She had to admit to herself that she wanted to go along with Michael. Her senses were aroused with images of the scene. She could picture Tracey’s lush body bent over the desk, squealing as Michael spanked her bare ass, followed by doing things that would stimulate the girl to orgasm. If that happened, and it was recorded, then Tracey could be kept quiet. Michael seemed so sure...and he backed his confidence with a \$5,000 necklace.

“All right,” she said finally. “But all I’m going to do is be a witness.”

“Good girl. It will add immeasurably to her humiliation.”

“This better be good. I want that girl to pay for insulting me.”

“Oh it will be good. Gwen, you and I have known each other for a long time. You can trust me. This is going to enhance our relationship.”

“Oh my,” purred Gwen, her face reddening. Sharing spicy secrets with such an attractive younger man was making her heart race.

His eyes never leaving Gwen’s, Michael picked up the phone and called the extension of his floor manager in the store. “Tell Tracey to come to my office immediately,” he ordered.

He grinned at Gwen. “Why don’t you take a seat over there on the sofa while I have a little chat with Miss Tracey?”

Chapter 3

A moment later the door opened and Tracey came in. She knew that Mrs. Hollyfield had come to see Michael to complain about her, and she knew she was in trouble. Still she thought that her sex appeal with Michael would get her through, and glancing at Gwen, she walked boldly up to his desk.

Michael was stern. "Tracey, I want you to turn around and go back and lock the door. We are going to have a serious talk, and I don't want us to be disturbed."

Tracey shrugged and whirled around defiantly. As she walked back to the door, she made sure her ass swayed provocatively. There was a large throw-bolt on the door, and Tracey slid it into place.

"Now come back here and stand in front of my desk," Michael ordered.

Wondering what was going to happen next, Tracey returned and stood before him. She was dressed in a short, tight black skirt, which clung to the perfectly-shaped, round ass that protruded from her body like the largest knuckle on the hand of a big man. Her perky breasts were covered with a white knit blouse that fit almost as tightly as the skirt. It had buttons down the front, the top four of which were open to expose her tanned neck and chest down to the beginning of her deep cleavage. An expensive gold necklace fought to divert some attention from the full, pointed breasts. Her long slender legs were covered with sheer stockings, and her five-inch heels kept her body thrust forward. Looking at her, Michael felt a surge of lust and determination to work this situation to the fullest.

"You have insulted Mrs. Hollyfield, who is one of the store's best customer," he began. "You could have made a \$5,000 sale and earned a good commission, but instead you are about to cost me the loss of a customer who buys more jewelry every month than our other customers buy in ten years! I don't see how I can keep you. And with the bad reference you will get from me, you will never get another job in this town."

Tracey's mood changed abruptly from being confident and defiant to being very concerned. Michael's manner and his words had surprised her. Also, she had thought that Mrs. Hollyfield was just another whinny customer. Now she

realized that the angry Mrs. Hollyfield was much more important to her boss than her having a sexy salesgirl around to flirt with. Tracey was deeply in debt and could not afford to be without a job.

She lowered her eyes. "I am sorry Michael. It won't happen again." And then turning to Gwen, she added: "I apologize to you, too, Mrs. Hollyfield. I should have been more helpful."

"Being sorry is not enough, Tracey", Michael said decisively. "If you want another chance, you will have to pay for your arrogance by submitting to a stern punishment."

Tracey's eyes widened. "What do you mean, punishment? I can't stand being suspended. My rent is due, and I need my salary."

Michael shook his head. "The punishment will not be suspension, Tracey. It will be physical, and it will be right here, right now. In front of Mrs. Hollyfield, who deserves to see you paying for your behavior."

"You mean a spanking?" Tracey cried incredulously.

Michael and Gwen just looked at her and smiled. Gwen let her eyes travel up and down Tracey's body, letting her know that she appreciated her fabulous figure, and was going to enjoy seeing it punished.

Michael finally answered her. "It will be whatever I deem appropriate. You can choose to leave right now, or you can stay and take what's coming to you. What is it going to be?"

A hundred thoughts raced through Tracey's pretty head. She couldn't imagine what she would do if she walked out with no job and no money. Also, she felt a surge of sexual excitement at the idea of being forced to submit to her boss. She had been wondering when he would make a move on her. But to have another woman involved? That was something she had never considered.

"Are you really going to hurt me?" she pouted.

"I will do what I want," said Michael. "You must pay a price for what you did."

Tracey glanced at the older woman and took in her stern expression. She was not

going to get any help from that quarter. “I guess I don’t have much choice,” she whispered.

Michael opened a drawer on the side of his desk. “Lean forward and give me your hands,” he ordered, as he removed something from the drawer.

The desktop was bare, and Tracey bent over it as she extended her hands toward Michael. Gwen shifted her position on the couch to get a better view. Tracey’s profile was stunningly provocative with her ass in the air and her pointy breasts hanging almost to the surface of the desk.

Michael laid two short soft leather straps on the desktop. Each one contained a metal ring and was padded on the inside. Pieces of Velcro were attached to the ends. They were fancy wrist cuffs, and he took his time wrapping them around each wrist and securing them with the Velcro. He then reached into the drawer again and removed a short, leather leash with a clip on one end, and a loop handle on the other. The clip was quickly attached to the rings on the wrist cuffs, effectively tying her wrists together.

“Now lie down across the desk, Tracey,” Michael commanded as he pulled on the leash to extend her arms over the edge and toward his chest. As she collapsed on the desk top, he lowered the leash and pulled her arms downward. Then with a quick wrap around a desk leg, he tied the leash so she was pinned down. Her feet were barely touching the floor, and her ass was raised in a most vulnerable position.

“It appears you have done this before,” Gwen mumbled.

Smiling at Gwen, Michael got up from his chair and walked around the desk. He laid his hand on Tracey’s ass and gave it a hard squeeze.

“Ouch!” she complained, squirming under his hand. But he merely shifted his palm to the other cheek and squeezed her again.

“This skirt is going to interfere with a proper spanking,” he said. “I am going to have to get it out of the way.”

With that he began to pull the short skirt up over the hump of her ass, letting his finger tips drag across her panty covered flesh as he did so. Gwen stood up and walked over for a closer look. She was swept up in the sensuality of the scene

and pushed aside the thought that she should stay in the background.

Michael saw the excitement in Gwen's eyes. He took her hand and placed it on the edge of Tracey's skirt. "Help me out here, Gwen. Pull this up while I get a paddle."

"In for a penny, in for a pound," sighed Gwen, and with no further hesitation she grabbed the sides of the skirt and jerked so that the entire garment ended up in a bunch at Tracey's waist.

They both then stepped back to admire the scene before them. Tracey's bikini panties were a sheer black, as was the thin garter belt that held up her stockings. Her shapely ass was framed by the black straps and seemed to be shimmering under the thin covering as she squirmed in the humiliation of being so helplessly displayed to them.

"What are you going to spank her with?" asked Gwen, her eyes gleaming.

"Oh I think a variety of things," answered Michael, as he returned to his desk chair and the open drawer. Tracey lifted her head and watched as Michael's hand came up with a long-handled hair brush. "I think we'll start with the traditional spanker for naughty girls."

"No, not that!" cried Tracey. "You said you weren't going to hurt me."

"I said no such thing," replied Michael. "But there will be no permanent damage." He walked deliberately around the desk and took up a position beside Tracey's exposed ass, which was already moving from side to side, as if to ward off the coming blows.

"Give it to her good," implored Gwen, obviously excited by the prospect.

Michael tapped the back of the big wooden brush on the target to get the range, and then raised it a foot before bringing it down sharply on her fleshy cheeks. A loud whap echoed around the room.

Tracey's body seemed to bounce on the top of the desk, and she let out a long wail. With only a brief pause Michael followed up with a series of slaps almost as hard as the first one. Only after he had spanked her five times did he stop to assess the effect.

Between sobs, Tracey begged him to stop. “No more, please!” she cried. “That stings so much...I can’t stand it!”

“What a little cry-baby,” said Gwen. “You’re not going to let her get away with that, are you Michael?”

“No way,” confirmed Michael. “The hair brush makes a lot of noise and reddens the skin, but its effect is spread over a wide area. Let’s try something different.” He opened his desk drawer again, and this time retrieved a split leather strap, about 18 inches long, with dual two inch ribbons of soft leather.

“This little whip works best on bare skin,” he explained. “Help me relieve Miss Tracey of her panties.”

“My pleasure,” said Gwen, and from the look on her face, he knew she meant it. All her resolve to be just a witness was forgotten as she let down the last barrier to release the pent up lust that had been suppressed too long.

They each took a side, and despite Tracey’s wails of protest, they pulled her panties down and off of her feet. Michael couldn’t resist running his fingers over the skin of her bare ass, lingering on the red blotches that had been left by the hairbrush. For her part, Gwen pinched the firm flesh of the girl’s thighs and made her jump around in a way that made Michael’s already hard cock protrude further out in his pants.

“It looks like you are enjoying this my friend,” said Gwen looking at the bulge. She couldn’t help herself and reached out to feel him with the tips of her fingers. His size and hardness sent a shiver through her body. It had been far too long since she had been filled with something like that.

Michael smiled and trailed his little whip across Tracey’s bare ass. Then with a quick motion he flicked it up and slashed it down across both cheeks. The leather made an erotic sound as it slapped against her flesh, and Tracey let out an accompanying shriek.

“The hairbrush has prepared her nicely,” said Michael. “I think a few good swaps with this strap will bring her to the point we want her.”

Taking his time, Michael counted the swings as he applied the strap to Tracey’s wiggling ass. She wailed and struggled against the leash that held her pinned to

the desk. But no matter which way she kicked or moved her feet, her ass was an easy target and the whip never missed. Tracey's whimpering took on a tone of arousal with each bite of the lash.

After five slaps, Michael stopped and handed the strap to Gwen.

"Your turn," he said, and he boldly reached out and fondled Gwen's breast through her tight fitting suit coat.

Gwen's eyes smoldered with excitement as she too took the lash, and she pushed her breast into Michael's hand, letting him know that she wanted more.

"I think I will apply this in a more tender spot," she announced. "Would you help me by pulling her legs apart just a little?"

"Oh no!" shrieked Tracey. But Michael was delighted at Gwen's initiative, and kneeling down he grabbed one shapely ankle and pulled her leg to the side. Gwen then began flicking the thong so that the tip just licked against Tracey's vulnerable pussy. The girl's response was to cry and twist her body to try to avoid the sting. But with her arms pinned down and Michael holding her leg out an angle, she was helpless against Gwen's teasing attack.

"Look at that dampness," Michael exclaimed. "Could it be that she is liking this?"

"Why don't you check to see?" suggested Gwen, and she let the whip dangle on the floor in position to come up again on target if she wished. Michael was already kneeling close to Tracey's spread legs, and holding her ankle with one hand, he used his other to lightly feel around her pussy lips.

"No question," he reported. "She is wet and hot. It appears you are not going to be getting a free necklace."

At this point Gwen was too turned on to care about the necklace. "Move your hand so I can heat her up a little more," she panted.

Michael smiled and moved to the side, pulling Tracey's leg to open her wider for Gwen, who wasted no time in bringing the little whip up smartly against the wet pussy.

“Ohhhhhhhh,” wailed Tracey. “Please no more!”

“Let me see now,” said Gwen, and she placed her fingertips against Tracey’s highly stimulated lips. Slowly she ran her fingers over the wet flesh, teasing and testing.. Tracey could not keep her hips from pushing back against Gwen’s hand.

“I think this part of her is done for now,” Gwen announced, “but I want to punish those saucy tits of hers. Turn her over.”

Chapter 4

Letting Tracey up from her position sprawled across the desk was not what Michael had in mind. With her ass bulging up and her legs spread she was in the perfect position to be fucked, and Michael's lust was at the boiling point. On the other hand he liked the way Gwen was taking the initiative. He wanted to see where it would lead.

"Yes, I was thinking the same thing," he said. "Let's stand her up. I think that thick column will hold her nicely."

The column was a plaster-covered round post about a foot in diameter. Michael loosened the leash holding Tracey to the desk, and with Gwen's help, maneuvered the girl over to the column. Then he unclipped the hook holding her wrists together and pulled her arms behind her around the column. Reattaching the clip effectively tied her with her back to the column.

"There, not a bad position, but I don't want her to be able to slump forward and protect those delicious tits from whatever we might want to do to them," Michael said. Going back to his desk drawer, he retrieved another Velcro tie. He wrapped one end around one of Tracey's upper arms, and then passed the strap around the column and attached it to her other arm, pulling her back tight against the rigid pole in the process. Now she was held in an upright position, and by having her shoulders pulled back her breasts were thrust forward and pointed upward at a saucy angle.

Gwen's eyes were smoldering. "I like it," she said. "It looks like her tits are going to break through that tight blouse."

"Let's give them a little help," said Michael, and he began to work on the buttons. An aroused Tracey moaned and moved her ass against the column. Her nipples were hard and aching to be touched.

The blouse came open easily and Michael slid it down her back over her bound arms. Her tits seemed to be overflowing the bra and straining to be free. Gwen cupped a hand under one conical gord and lifted it slightly.

“Very nice, uh Michael,” she said. “I have to admit this is one sexy sales girl. Feel how hard this bud is.” Gently she rubbed her finger tip on Tracey’s nipple through the bra.

“Ohh”, sighed the helpless girl. “I can’t stand much more of this.”

“You will stand a lot more,” said Michael forcefully. “Now it’s my turn to see how these little melons feel.”

Michael used both hands to cup and squeeze the fruit that was held in position for his inspection. He rubbed her engorged nipples between his thumbs and index fingers and pulled them out from her body. Then he pinched them hard.

“Ahhhh, ohhhh”, cried Tracey, but Michael’s response was to close his hands and squeeze both tits until the flesh emerged from the bottom of her bra. Tracey’s head shook from side to side and her hips began a slow rotation.

“Very good, Michael”, said Gwen, “I think you are really getting to her. Let’s get that bra off now so I can continue my tender punishment.”

Michael stepped back and Gwen took over the task of removing the tight fitting bra. The clasp was in the back, and she had to put her body up against Tracey’s to reach behind and undo it. She felt the heat of Tracey’s skin and her lovely hour-glass shape. When she lingered in that position, Michael knew that Gwen was enjoying the feel of their bodies together, and he increased the sensation by putting his hand on the lower portion of her back and gently pushing her into Tracey.

“Ummm,” sighed Gwen, “it may take me sometime to undo this clasp.”

Michael took that as an invitation to continue using Tracey’s body to stimulate Gwen, and he put his other hand on Gwen’s ass and pushed her hips hard against Tracey. At the same time he squeezed her butt and let his hand feel around it. Now it was Gwen’s hips that began a slow rotation.

“Oh Michael, you are working me into quite a state. But we have to finish our chastisement of this naughty girl.” With that, Gwen pulled back and revealed that Tracey’s bra was hanging loosely over her firm tits.

“We are going to have to cut that bra if we are going to get it off without untying

her,” observed Michael.

“So cut it,” said Gwen, “I will buy her another one, and fit it to her myself.”

Michael smiled and went to his desk for a pair of scissors. Tracey’s eyes were wide as she watched him approach, snapping the long blades together like he was cutting air. He first teased her by placing the sharp point on her bare stomach, and lightly tracing a line up under the hanging bra to the underside of her protruding left tit.

“Now let’s see what these really look like.” He quickly cut the straps that went from the bra over her shoulders, and the covering fell away.

Tracey gasped as the cool air washed across her bare chest and she felt their eyes on her. But she was also turned on, and she was proud of her body. She knew that her tits were a perfect size and shape, and that her nipples were unusually large when they got stiff like they were now.

Michael and Gwen marveled at the sight before them. Tracey was essentially naked and held firmly in a position to be explored at their will. Her breasts were natural and yet incredibly firm. The nipples actually pointed upward at a slight angle. In spite of herself, Tracey’s hips continued undulating against the column.

“You take one, and I’ll take the other”, offered Gwen, “let’s see if they feel as good as they look.”

Tracey’s eyes went from one of her tormentors to the other as they began to feel and explore her breasts. Gwen seemed to be looking for some imperfection, while Michael fondled and teased her. He ended his examination by flicking his fingernail against her hardened nipple.

“Ohhhhh,” breathed Tracey. “That does feel goooood.”

Gwen smiled and lowered one hand to feel Tracey’s pussy. “She is really wet now”, Gwen announced, “I think it is time to resume the punishment. I don’t want her to have the pleasure of an orgasm...at least not until I say so.”

Michael moved back to see what Gwen had in mind. He hoped that she would be firm and bring Tracey to the point where she would obey them in whatever they wanted her to do. Gwen went back to the desk and retrieved the leather strap.

“Now let’s see how those lovely tits like a little pain,” said Gwen with a little smile on her face.

Slap! The strap smacked against Tracey’s left breast...then, again as Gwen backhanded the leather against the right breast.

Tracey tried to back up to avoid the awful sting, but the column kept her pushed forward, exposed to the next onslaught. Gwen smiled and reached out her hand to cup one lovely tit to hold it in position so she could punish it. She took the end of the strap and rubbed it across the hard nipple. Then she flicked it back and down on the firmly positioned flesh.

Smack! Smack!

Michael could hardly believe the scene before him. Both women were in a high state of excitement and ready for anything. He had expected both women to be highly sexed, but the fact that they were turned on by each other was a bonus. He decided to encourage Gwen and at the same time take control of her lust.

“Gwen my dear, I think you are being hampered by that tight fitting jacket you have on. Let me help you out of it.”

Gwen turned and smiled at Michael, while at the same time she continued to fondle and torment Tracey’s tit. Keeping his eyes locked on hers, Michael undid the two buttons on the suit jacket and peeled it back over her shoulders. Gwen then reluctantly released the agitated breast and lowered her arms so that Michael could remove her jacket. Underneath was a starched white blouse, nicely filled out by Gwen’s ample bust. Without hesitating Michael began to undo the buttons.

“Michael you naughty boy,” Gwen pouted. “What are you doing?”

When Gwen made no move to stop him, Michael continued working on the buttons. “Why I am just going to fix it so you can get some cooling air on your chest so that you will not become overheated from all this exertion,” Michael explained with a grin.

“Oh, then I guess it’s OK,” purred Gwen.

Tracey watched with interest as Gwen’s bra-covered boobs were slowly brought

into the open. Gwen wore an expensive, peach-colored bra that did a good job of shaping and lifting, letting ample flesh spill out over the top. The effect was very erotic, and she knew it. Michael had a fleeting thought that maybe she expected something like this would happen today. He didn't stop until her blouse was completely open.

"There, that's better isn't it" queried Michael. "But I think your bra needs some adjusting. It is not quite in the right position."

Gwen faced him and put her arms down at her sides as Michael raised his hands to cup her breasts. "Oh Michael, what are you doing to me?" she asked coyly, while at the same time pushing her tits into his hands. It was an act of surrender.

"Just a little rearranging," said Michael, and he pulled her bra out just a little so that he could slide his other hand underneath and move her breast to the side. In the process he felt her hard nipple in his palm.

"There that's much better," he announced as he stepped back and smiled.

"Ahhh...yes I see that it is. Thank you very much, you brazen man. Now let us turn our attention back to the task at hand."

"Yes indeed," said Michael with mock seriousness. "I think I have just the thing to punish those insolent tits of Miss Tracey."

Michael walked over to a small closet and reached in to retrieve something that was hanging on a hook. When he returned, Tracey and Gwen saw that he was holding an old-fashioned fly swatter. It had a U-shaped wire handle, and the flap at the end was made of an open mesh of some kind of rough textile --- not like the modern plastic fly swatter. Both Tracey and Gwen immediately realized the effect that rough flap would have on the surface of an aroused nipple.

"Oh no," cried Tracey, "you are not going to hit me with that! Why, it probably has dead fly parts on it."

"Why it may indeed," laughed Michael. "But you are not in a position to stop me from whatever I want to do to those lovely tits of yours. You will probably even like it. In fact, I want you, Gwen, to monitor her reaction by putting your hand on her pussy while I administer the treatment."

“A good idea,” said Gwen with enthusiasm, and she knelt down in front of Tracey to do as Michael asked. Gently she put three fingers against the outside of Tracey’s moist pussy and slowly moved them from side to side.

“Ahhhh...that’s not fair,” moaned Tracey.

“She’s right,” announced Michael playfully. “You have to keep your hand still, Gwen, or we won’t know which stimulation is producing the effect. We must follow the scientific method you know.”

“Oh all right,” laughed Gwen. “I’ll be good. You can begin now Michael.”

Michael stood a little to Tracey’s side and began by bringing the swatter up under her right breast and tapping her gently.

“Just getting the range,” he said, and then he quickly snapped the swatter hard against the underside of her breast.

“Ohhhhhhh,” cried Tracey, but Michael followed up by snapping the swatter firmly against the front of the same breast, and then brought the swatter down on the top of that mound, giving her two quick smacks. Each time he made sure the rough fabric dragged along her skin, and particularly over the rigid nipple.

“Oh God...”, Tracey moaned, as she twisted against the post in a futile attempt to protect herself.

“I definitely felt a surge down here,” Gwen reported . “Give her some more.”

“Let’s try something different on the other one,” mused Michael

He positioned the swatter so that just the tip touched the nipple on her left breast. By flicking his wrist, he could make the flap snap back and forth on the nipple. The stiff little bud jerked like a rubber bullet on the end of a spring.

Tracey thought she was going to faint from the sensation. The combination of the stimulation to her tits and the probing fingers on her pussy was driving her toward an orgasm.

“She is just about the go over the top,” said Gwen breathlessly. “ I can feel it in her pussy. What do you say, Michael, let’s put the sassy bitch out of her misery.”

“OK,” said Michael. “Diddle her clit while I suck on this so-ready nipple.”

The effect was instantaneous. Tracey’s whole body began to shudder. “Oh my God....don’t stop....please don’t stop.....it is soooooo goood. Ahhhhhh”

Her body spasmed and shook for a good ten seconds. Finally she slowly relaxed and slumped against the column. Gwen stood up and kissed Michael lightly on the lips.

“We did good,” she said.

Chapter 5

Michael had been amazed at the sexuality of the proper Mrs. Hollyfield. The idea of having an older woman as playmate appealed to him. He expected that she would be appreciative of the pleasure he could give her and would not make demands on him like the younger ones tried to.

“Yes Gwen, I think we have turned little Tracey into a nice sex toy for our pleasure,” he said with his arm around her shoulders. “As long as she works here she will have to submit to our wishes. And obviously she will like it.”

Gwen picked up on the repeated references to sharing Tracey. Clearly Michael did not intend for this encounter to be a onetime event. The thought both thrilled and horrified her. There were enormous social risks in having an ongoing relationship with a young man like Michael. Her facial expression revealed her hesitancy, and Michael moved quickly to take control.

“Now my dear Gwen, I think it is time you and I went upstairs to my private living quarters so that I can discipline you for the shameful way you have treated my sales clerk.”

Gwen gulped. She was highly aroused by the scene with Tracey and the touch of Michael’s big hand on her breast, but she wasn’t so sure she wanted to submit to him in the same way the young girl had. And what if Michael turned her over to Tracey? She could imagine the girl delighting in taking revenge.

“What about Tracey?” she asked, biding for time.

Michael was nonchalant. “Oh, I think we should let her loose so she can get dressed and go back to work. But Tracey, when the store is closed, I want you to come upstairs. We may have some other things for you to do tonight.”

He released the ties that were holding the girl to the post and stood back. “Get your clothes on and go back to the store,” he ordered. “Sorry I had to destroy your bra, but you will look just fine without one. Leave a few buttons open and maybe you can make a sale to an appreciate man to make up for the lost opportunity with Gwen.”

Tracey's body was still tingling from being used and abused by her two tormentors. She had had no idea that being dominated by a man and another woman could be so exciting. "Yes sir," she said, and began to pull herself together. "I will try hard to make a sale, and I will come see you when the store closes."

"Good girl," he said with a smile. "Now Gwen, please follow me. And don't bother to close your blouse."

Gwen's mind was telling her that things were going too far and that she should leave. But her libido was responding to a different imperative. Taking a deep breath she fell in behind him as he walked over to a side door leading to the stairs to the second floor. Then suddenly she stopped.

"No Michael. That was an interesting experience, but I am not one of your little sex dolls. You can't boss me around."

He turned and smiled at her. "Yes I can," he said.

"Oh? And just why are you so cock sure? No pun intended."

"Because you are turned on by the idea of being bossed around. Because you are bored with your life and crave some excitement. Because you are curious and confident that you can deal with any situation. Because you like and trust me. Now stop second guessing yourself and follow me!"

It was all true, she thought. What am I afraid of? I'll go along for a while and see what happens.

He unlocked the door at the top of the stairs and led her into the large luxurious apartment. The living area had several long, comfortable looking couches, both facing an entertainment center with the biggest screen she had ever seen outside of a theater. On one side was a picture window overlooking the city skyline. Across the room was a bar and a high counter separating the living room from a small kitchen. The counter was covered with expensive looking leather that made it look more like an elevated bench. A hallway beside the kitchen led to what must be a bedroom, or bedrooms, in the back. Modern paintings decorated every wall, and the entire area was covered with a thick, cream-colored carpet.

Gwen was impressed. "I see that the jewelry business is good," she noted. "But I

feel overly exposed in such elegant surroundings.“ Smiling at him coyly, she began to re-button her open blouse.

“Stop, “ Michael commanded. “If you button one more button, I will spank you, and much harder than I did Tracey.“ His tone was very firm, and his eyes held hers. He did not smile. After observing Gwen’s reaction to Tracey’s submission, Michael knew instinctively that she would be aroused by firm treatment, and he meant to give it to her. The thought of having this attractive, wealthy woman under his control was making him very horny.

Surprised that he was no longer the gracious merchant, Gwen felt a little apprehension, but also a rush of sexual tension, and she dropped her arms to her side. She knew she had already gone too far with this man to pretend.

“Yes sir, “ she said softly.

Without taking his eyes off of hers, Michael walked over to her and looked down into her upturned face. Slowly he raised his hands and placed them on the bare skin of her sides. From there it was a short distance to the underside of her bra-covered breasts, and he moved over the space with agonizing slowness. When his hands finally closed over her swollen tits, she leaned back and sucked in her breath.

“Now Gwen, my dear, you must realize that you are in my power,” Michael said evenly as he lightly massaged her breasts. “You have abused my sales clerk, who will if instructed by me gladly tell others what happened. It would make a wonderfully titillating story in the local tabloid. But I think your social position would suffer a mortal blow. So now you will just have to let your sexuality take its course and trust that I will keep your secret. Do you understand? “

Michael’s threat made her weak in the stomach. Now combined with her sexual excitement was the fear that she had let herself be manipulated by this man into a position of real vulnerability. Her money and social position had always given her power, and she couldn’t imagine living without them. Somehow she had to regain her control in this situation.

“Please Michael, you promised that no one would know. Furthermore, it seems to me that we are both in the same position vis a vis Miss Tracey. Your jewelry business would suffer just as much from a tabloid article.”

“Ah, that’s where you are wrong, “ he said with a small laugh. “I would advertise a big sale and put Tracey on the cash register and business would boom. Everyone would want to come see the girl who had gotten the best of stuffy Gwen Hollyfield.”

Gwen knew he was right. “Oh, what have I gotten into,” she cried as Michael continued to massage her tits.

At that point Michael knew he had her. He was constantly amazed at how many women secretly wanted to be forced to submit sexually. Not all of them, of course, but he could usually sense which ones were the best prospects, and he knew how to exploit them for his own pleasure. He had been right about Tracey, and now he would see just how far he could go with Gwen.

“Don’t worry, my dear,” he assured her. “As long as you obey me, I will be discreet. And I know you will enjoy it“. With that, he took her erect nipples between his fingers and thumbs and pinched them through her bra.

“Ummmm, “ moaned Gwen. “I guess I don’t have any choice.”

“Correct. Now come over here.” He took her hand and led her over to the counter in front of the kitchen. “Sit on that stool and keep your hands in your lap.”

The power and determination in his tone of voice shattered the last of her resistance. She sat on the padded stool and folded her hands . He smiled at her and rotated the stool until she faced counter with her legs under it. Then he went around to the kitchen side and sat on a stool facing her.

The counter and stool were part of a special apparatus that Michael had designed. The idea had come to him as he lay awake one night imagining fanciful sexual scenarios. He had purchased the components and assembled the contraption himself.

“You will soon learn that the stool you are sitting on is not an ordinary one,” he explained. “By moving this lever, I can control a motor that will raise it or lower it to just the right height for my purposes“.

He moved a short rod under the counter and the stool went slowly down. He had pushed her in against the cabinet so that as the stool was lowered, her bra-

covered breasts gradually rested on the leather counter top. When he saw her flesh reach the counter, he stopped the motion, and then lowered the stool a little more until her bosom settled on the surface. As her tits were pushed up by the counter top her open blouse fell to the sides, causing her breasts to rise up and out like melons in a basket.

“You see, with my special stool and soft counter top, your bra is no longer needed, “ Michael said with a grin.

“Ummm...”

With the index finger of his right hand he began to tease the flesh around her cleavage and probe down under her bra, while with his other hand he lifted her chin so that her mouth was level with his. Leaning forward slightly he licked his tongue over her lips and pushed his finger deeper into her cleavage. Then he kissed her and began working her mouth open with his tongue.

.Gwen moved forward to meet him, thrilled by the way her breasts were being thrust by the counter against his hand. She grew more and more excited by the way he was manipulating her mind and body.

He pulled back from her lips and locked his eyes onto hers as he reached behind her and undid the clasp on her bra. The pressure from her breasts in their unnatural position caused the bra to jump off of her mounds as the clasp was released. Only the straps over her shoulders held the material over her chest. Michael, still looking into her eyes, reached under the counter and came up with a pair of scissors. With agonizing slowness, he cut the shoulder straps and pulled the bra completely away from her body. Now her bare tits were laid out on the leather counter before him.

“Oh my,” she breathed, “that feels so good, and so sexy. “

“Yes, “ he smiled, “nice big breasts like yours need to be held up and displayed properly. But I am not finished yet. “

Moving behind her, he reached around her body and began pulling a leather tie that was installed on a roller hidden under the counter top. He quickly drew the strap around her back and put the end through a bracket attached to the side of the counter. When he pulled on the free end, the strap closed around her back and pulled her up against the counter, with the bracket automatically locking the

tie in place in the middle of her back. She was effectively bound to the counter.

“Oh Michael, “ she exclaimed, “ I couldn’t move if I wanted to“. Then, turning her head to look at him, she added, “not that I want to. “

“Only one more thing, “ he said with a slightly evil grin, “you must have your hands secured as well. “

In her bound position she was helpless to resist as he grasped her wrists and pulled her arms behind her. Taking a wide silk ribbon from his pocket, he quickly wrapped it around and between her wrists, and then tied the ends together.

“Now I am ready to begin enjoying you, my dear, “ he said as he walked back to the other side of the counter, facing her. “You do realize that I can do what I want to these delicious-looking fruits.” The expression in his eyes made Gwen fearful for the first time since she had come into his office a few hours before. Now she was truly helpless, and he seemed to hardening in his attitude toward her. No longer were they partners in playing a sexual game. He had taken charge, and she didn’t know where it was going to lead. On the other hand, it was terribly exciting. The sexual desire and tension she was feeling was incredible.

He began by pulling up a stool and sitting opposite her. Her large breasts lay before him, with the lower flesh compressed and the extended nipples resting just on top of the leather surface. Gently he ran his fingertips over the top surfaces, probing lightly to test the firmness.

“Ah....,” she sighed, “if you only knew how sensitive they are. “

“I will soon find out,” he said, “but I think your nipples are probably the most sensitive part.”

With that he put his index finger on top of one of her stiff nipples and began rolling it back and forth on the leather surface, alternating light and firm pressure. He could feel the nipple swell and harden under his finger.

“Oh my god, “ she gasped, and began to twist her hips from side to side on the stool.

“So you like this, do you?”

“Ohhhh yess,” she said. “I feel so wonderfully helpless. You can do anything you want to my body.”

“Now you know how Tracey felt, and why she got so hot. Did you enjoy playing with her?”

Michael continued to tease her nipples and make it hard for her to think about anything but the sensations she was feeling, but when he mentioned Tracey an additional wave of lust washed over her.

“I asked you a question, Gwen. You are to tell me what’s in your head. Do you understand? Let it out!”

“Oh god....I loved the way her body looked when she squirmed as we spanked her. I want to get my hands on that perfect, hour-glass figure again. I want to make her beg for it. My god, Michael, what has come over me?”

“You are beginning to experience the exquisite pleasure that comes from letting go of your inhibitions. I am going to take you there.” He pressed his fingers down on her nipples until they almost disappeared into the leather. The delicious pain made her head snap backward as she gasped.

“Maybe I will give her to you again,” he said. “But first you are going to do some things for me.”

With that, he stepped back from the counter and began to remove his shoes. She watched spellbound as his pants and shorts followed. His lower body was left naked except for his long shirt tail hanging over a huge bulge.

“My god, you look enormous,” she breathed.

“You see the effect you have on me. How does that make you feel?”

“I love it. It’s been a long time since I’ve seen a man like that.”

He stepped closer and began to remove his shirt. Many hours in the gym had made his naturally lean body hard and firm.

“Just how long has it been Gwenn?”

She inhaled deeply. “Two years since the divorce, and I had no real satisfaction for many months before that.”

“No lovers as a divorcee?”

“No. I’ve been pushing men away, afraid they were after my money.”

“I’m not interested in your money, and you’re not going to push me away.”

“Certainly not in this position. Oh, you look so good Michael...so stiff and hard. I want to feel you. But I can’t move.”

“You will soon see how much you can do from that position. Lick your lips,” he commanded. “I love your big, sexy mouth.”

Gwen pouted and sensuously extended her tongue, slowly wetting her lips and noting the way his cock seemed to be twitching. She was aware of the wetness seeping down her thigh and knew how much she wanted him to take her.

But Michael was in no hurry. He wanted to establish his total domination before he gave her the relief she so badly needed. Reaching behind a cabinet he pulled out a folding kitchen stool. By positioning it against his side of the counter he created a step so that he could climb up onto the counter and sit facing her.

He eased himself into position with his legs spread and hanging down on either side of her, with her tits and head between his thighs. The cool leather felt good on his bare ass, and he slid forward until his balls were up against her boobs and his cock was pushing against her neck.

“Whoa,” she exclaimed. “You really know how to use this counter. I suspect you have done this before.”

“A few times, yes,” he said. “Now wiggle your lovely tits against my cock and balls.”

He grabbed a handful of her hair and directed the motions of her upper body to pleasure himself. Several times he pushed her head down so that her mouth was against the top of his cock, but he pulled her back up before she could take him in her mouth.

“I love that look of pure lust in your eyes, my dear,” he said. “Do you want to suck me?”

“Yessss,” was her excited reply. She could feel her hard nipples scrapping against the under side of his balls.

“Ask nicely.”

“Please, can I suck your cock?”

“Not good enough. You will refer to me as sir, and you will humble yourself completely to get what you crave.”

“Please, sir, can I take you in my mouth? I want to taste you, lick you, suck you. I will be your sex slave and do whatever you want.”

“Getting better, my dear, but I detected a hint of sarcasm in your voice. That will never be allowed.” He took his cock in his hand and slapped it back and forth across her face. “You’re lucky this is the only club I have handy. Grab the end with your mouth and I’ll stop and let you taste it.”

“Oh Michael, this is so juvenile. Can’t you just fuck me? I’m so ready for you.”

He shook his head. “No Gwen. It’s not juvenile. The word you are looking for is ‘kinky’. We all have our secret kinky sexual tastes. I indulge mine, and you are going to do the same. It may take me a while, but I will discover your secrets and open the flood gates. Now put this between your lips...gently.”

Gwen acquiesced and closed her mouth on the swollen head. The slick pre-cum had a not unpleasant salty taste. Images of her first exciting experiences with oral sex flashed through her head. She knew he was right about her suppressed lusts, and she suspected there were more that she didn’t even know about. The scene with Tracey had revealed one of them.

“Ahhh,” Michael moaned and pushed himself further into her. “Now lick and suck while I massage myself with these firm tits of yours.”

Lifting her breasts off the counter, he pushed them against the sides of this cock and her face as she leaned down to swallow him. With his thumbs he rubbed her hardened nipples to keep her stimulated.

When she came up to take a breath, he pinched her nipples hard. “Don’t you stop until I give you permission. Now take it clear to back of your throat.”

“But I’ve never done that before. I’ll gag.”

Michael smiled to himself. He was pleased that in spite of her age he could give her new experiences. Making her take his cock deep into her throat was the next step in breaking her. Her wrapped his fingers in her hair and pulled.

“Of course you’ll gag. Now do it!”

His grip on her hair left her no choice. She lowered her mouth on him until she felt the head of his cock closing off her throat. He held her in that position until her body began to shake from lack of air, and then he drew back.

“Agghh,” she gasped. He let her take two deep breaths and then plunged into her mouth again. This time she knew what to expect and trusted that he would not choke her. In her aroused state she was able to relax and give herself to his will. He sensed her surrender and let her breath again.

“Very good, Gwen, you have now been trained to suck properly. It is time to explore some other avenues.”

He climbed down from the counter and went around to the other side. Gwen made a delightful picture sitting on the edge of the stool with her belly up tight against the cabinet. Her dress had ridden up well above her knees. He drew a finger down her back as he described what he was going to do next.

“The great thing about my special stool is that once you are strapped to the counter, you no longer need to sit on the stool. I can take it away and substitute this little platform for your feet so that you can bend over the counter.”

Gwen soon found out what he meant. When the stool was removed, she had to support herself on her feet, and it was awkward until Michael put the platform in place for her to stand on. At that point she was able to bend forward and rest her chest on the soft surface. Of course, the result was that her ass was up in the air and completely vulnerable.

“Oh my,” said Gwen as she realized the profile she was presenting. The thought sent chills down her spine.

“There, that positions you pretty well. However, there is one little improvement I want to make.”

Michael went down on one knee and ran his hands up the outsides of Gwen’s thighs until he reached the elastic on the top of her panties. Then with a jerk he pulled down, taking her stockings and everything else down to her ankles.

“There, that’s better,” he said. “If you will just lift your feet one at a time, I can dispose of these obstructions.”

“My god, I’m totally bare,” she exclaimed excitedly, and then raised her right leg.

“Not so, my dear,” he said. “I am leaving your dress to cover you. Of course, anytime I want I can lift it up. Like this, for instance.” He pulled the dress up over her ass and laid it on her back. Without warning he swung his arm and gave her bare ass a hard slap.

“OOWWW! That really hurt!” she cried.

He laughed. “That’s just a little sample. Now I want your legs spread a little, so I am going to give you a second little stool to stand on.”

From under a nearby cabinet he retrieved another low platform and placed it about two feet to the side of the first one. “Now if you’ll just put your weight on your right foot I’ll take your left ankle and guide your left foot to this other place.”

“Ohhhh my,”

“Now you will be able to experience exactly what poor Tracey did when her ass and pussy were examined and spanked. I think it is only fair, don’t you?”

Gwen, as excited as she was, wasn’t so sure. Never had she felt quite so helpless. “Michael, please don’t hurt me,” she pleaded. “You can do what you want with me, but I don’t like pain.”

“We’ll see about that,” he said smiling. Standing to the side of the counter he admired the profile of the woman laid out before him. He liked the way her bound wrists forced her shoulders back and caused her bare breasts to thrust

forward over the counter. As he watched she began shifting her weight slowly from one foot to the other, making her ass twitch from side to side.

He leaned down to whisper in her ear. "Such a picture you make. In fact, I am going to make a special video of your ordeal so you will be able to see your own reaction. And as I am sure you will not want me to put this video on the internet, you will have to continue to do as I wish."

"No Michael. No pictures. Please! Oh what have I got myself into? Please, Michael, have your way with me, but no one must know."

"No one will know if you behave," he said. "The pictures will insure that you do."

It took only a minute for Michael to retrieve the camera and tripod from a closet and aim it at the scene. Then from the same closet he took a thin bamboo cane and sliced it through the air.

"NOOO, not that," Gwen wailed, and she began struggling to free herself from the strap that held her to the counter.

"Stop struggling," he commanded. "The more you fight it, the more you get. You are going to feel just enough so that you will know to do what I say without question in order to avoid feeling more of Mr. Sting."

He touched the side of the cane to her bare ass and then gave her two quick flicks.

"Ohhhhh, ahhh, that's enough. I'll obey you. Please no more."

His response was another pair of sharp swats with the cane. Red stripes began to form on her skin. Another two hits, and she began to sob.

Satisfied that he had made his point, Michael put down the cane and bent over to examine her. Her ass was swinging from side to side, and he could see the wetness between her legs. He put his finger gently on her pussy and began to tease her.

"There, there," he said. "Now that you know the consequences of resistance, I can make you feel better. A little of this lotion will turn pain into pleasure."

He spread a soothing liquid on her ass and the backs of her thighs. His hand seemed to be everywhere, occasionally dipping between her legs.

Gwen's wails soon became moans of pleasure. The lingering stings were a delicious counterpoint to the sensuous soothing of his fingers. "Oh, Michael, that feels so good," she whimpered.

"How about this?"

His fingers moved over the humps of her buttocks and began to concentrate the lotion in the crack and down between her legs onto her pussy. He could feel her clit rising to meet him. She sucked in a deep breath, aware that the pain had been abruptly reversed and turned into exquisite pleasure.

"Don't stop, please don't stop!"

Michael had no intention of stopping. He wanted to give her a quick, powerful orgasm to bind her to him. And he was anxious to take his own pleasure from her body. Kneeling down behind her, he used his tongue and his fingers to stimulate her to the point of no return.

"Oh god, oh yes, oh my, yes, yes, my god, ahhhhhhhh," she screamed as her climax took hold.

Then, while she was still tingling, he fed his hard cock into her from behind. Her position and openness made it easy, and his penetration was deep.

"OHHH YEAAA... OHHH YEAA... OHH.. I'VE NEVER... OHH GOD..."

She pushed her ass back against him, humping, totally out of control. A spasm moved up her legs as a second, more powerful orgasm began to build.

"Squeeze me, bitch," he ordered, and she was quick to comply. His domination of her was complete; she would do whatever he wanted. That thought triggered her release..

"OH GOD, I'M CUMING AGAIN!" she wailed.

This was too much for Michael to hold back any longer, and he erupted into her. Repeatedly he thrust himself against her, savoring the warm tightness and the

repeating contractions that bordered on seizures.. Finally he sighed and rested against her back.

Gradually her breathing slowed. “I never felt anything like that,” she murmured. “What have I been missing?”

Michael pulled back and lowered her dress to cover her.

“The finish is special when the preparation is special,” he said. “You have only begun to live. It’s going to be my very great pleasure to show you things beyond your imagining. All you have to do is obey.”

He stood beside her and pulled on his pants, idly rubbing her still hard nipple against the leather.

“Thank you, sir,” she whimpered. “I will obey.”

Chapter 6

A moment later there was a knock at the door, and they heard Tracey's voice. The naughty sales clerk was reporting as ordered.

"Hello in there. The store is closed. Is this where I am supposed to be?"

The door to the apartment opened, and Tracey came tentatively into the room. Her eyes darted around, taking in the surroundings, but quickly came to focus on the scene at the counter.

"Well, well....," she said. "What have we here?"

"Tracey, my dear, come right over, " Michael said as he continued to roll Gwen's engorged nipple back and forth on the leather counter top. " I am sure you will want to help me and take revenge on this woman who so abused you earlier. "

Tracey smiled and started walking slowly toward them. For the past hour she had been reliving what had happened in Michael's office. It had turned her on more than she could have ever imagined, and was primed for more. Now that she knew Michael's sexual tastes, and that she shared them, she was confident she could get to him.

"What an interesting position you have her in," Tracey said. "My tits are still burning from what she did to me, and now I see that she is in a position to get her comeuppance."

"Oh no," wailed Gwen. "Don't let her touch me."

Gwen Hollyfield, middle-aged, rich, and usually in control, was at this moment feeling very vulnerable. She was lying on her stomach over a high counter, with her ass in the air, and her bare tits crushed against the surface. She had just had the most powerful orgasm of her life and was still in a state of arousal.

Thankfully, Michael had pulled her dress down, covering her bare ass and pussy, but she knew that the dress could easily be raised, leaving her naked from her waist to her widely spread feet. Surely he would not turn that vengeful girl loose

on her.

“Michael, let me up now. We’ve had our little game and I really must go,” Gwen said, trying to maintain a reasonable tone.

Michael just laughed. “Why Gwen, you know you can’t go until I say so. I thought you understood that.”

Two quick steps and he was beside her protruding ass, which he swatted smartly with his hand, causing her to howl in protest. “Ohhhh, please don’t. I am so sensitive..”

“Come help me, Tracey, Mrs. Hollyfield apparently still does not know her place.”

“Yes, sir,” said Tracey, her eyes sparkling. “What do you want me to do?”

“Hold up her dress,” he said. “We will find the reddest skin to torment. Then maybe she will learn.”

Tracey reached down and pulled up the fabric. “My, my, she is really red. You must have spanked her good.”

Michael could see the excitement in Tracey’s eyes. She was obviously ready to play. He remembered that his video camera was still filming the scene, and he was determined to create a show that would give him perpetual control over these two women. “So far only a few taps with the cane,” he said. “What do you think we should use on her now?”

“The feeling from that fly swatter was incredible,” Tracey breathed. “It always seemed to hit in the most sensitive spot, and then the rough fabric scrapping my skin make me shiver.”

“There is another fly swatter hanging in that broom closet. Go get it.”

Tracey retrieved the fly swatter and started slapping the leather counter in front of the helpless woman’s tits.

Whap! Whap!

Gwen cringed and tried to pull back. She saw from the look in Tracey's eyes that she was not going to be gentle.

Tracey saw the fear and relished it. "You think you are so great, with your money and high class friends. You complained when a sales clerk didn't kiss your ass, and then you had that clerk humiliated in front of her boss. Well now that sales clerk is going to teach you a lesson. You are going to be my bitch and do whatever I say."

Michael was enjoying himself immensely. There was nothing he liked better than helping one woman humiliate and ravish another one, knowing that in spite of the wailing and crying they were both highly aroused. He sensed that his girl Tracey was going to be quite imaginative in her retaliation against the snotty Mrs. Hollyfield. He would let her have her fun, and then while she was still excited, he would claim his introductory fuck.

The step stool was still standing by the counter, and Tracey saw that she could use it to climb up and position herself in front of Gwen's face. What better way to humiliate her and at the same time be pleased than to make Gwen go down on her. She thought that a half dozen or so spanks on Gwen's sore ass with the fly swatter should do the trick.

"It's time to punish that fat ass of yours again," said Tracey, as she cinched Gwen's dress up over her waist.

"Nooo. Please no more back there. I'm sorry for the way I treated you."

Tracey ignored her and pulled the stool up to the counter. Then she unzipped her tight skirt and let it fall to the floor. She posed in front of Gwen in her panties and high heels.

"You like?" she said, smiling at Gwen. "You seemed to enjoy exposing me down in Michael's office. Well now I am going to let you see me up real close."

With that she kicked off her shoes, shimmed out of her panties, and stood on the stool naked from the waist down. Michael took a deep breath as he watched her sit facing Gwen with her legs on either side of the woman's face, just as he had done an hour before. He felt a stiffening in his pants, and he moved closer.

Tracey squirmed her ass across the leather to bring her pussy into position.

Gwen shuddered and pulled her head up and to the side, trying to avoid what she knew was coming.

“Now now,” said Tracey. “Mustn’t look away.” Raising the fly swatter she brought it down smartly on Gwen’s bare ass

WHAP!

“Ahhhh,” screamed Gwen, her ass burning from the repeated blows to the same area.

WHAP .. WHAP.... Two more hard swats, followed by a slow scrapping of the rough fabric over the red surface.

“I want to feel your lips now!”

Gwen was writhing and sobbing, but she knew she had no choice. Michael was obviously not going to help her. When she saw Tracey raise her arm again, she surrendered.

“All right, I’ll go it. Just don’t spank me again.” And she lowered her mouth onto the moist fur in front of her. Not wanting to give Tracey any excuse to swat her again, she began to kiss and lick the tender flesh.

“Ahhh, that’s nice,” sighed Tracey. “You are going to be a good bitch for me. I may have you come every afternoon and get me off.”

Michael saw that Tracey’s position restricted the area that Gwen’s tongue could reach. He thought that Gwen should be forced to tongue Tracey’s ass as well.

“Let me help you get the full treatment,” he said to Tracey. He stood behind her at the edge of the counter and reached around her body to get at the buttons on her blouse. One by one he loosened them until the garment parted in his hands. Lingered briefly over the full cups of her bra, he stripped her of the blouse.

“These luscious tits of yours need to be freed to participate,” he whispered in her ear. “Now I’ll just get rid of this unnecessary bridle...there we are...lovely...so nice and firm with such stiff little points...”

He put his hands under her arms and onto her breasts. “Now lean back and raise

your hips.”

“Ahhh...” Arching her back against Michael, she was able to raise her hips to give Gwen complete access to her pussy and below. The combination of Gwen’s active tongue and Michael’s squeezing of her tits sent shivers up and down her spine.

“That’s sooo good,” she moaned. “Keep moving that tongue. Now, go lower. Find my ass and stick your tongue in it. Do it bitch!.”

Gwen took a deep breath and plunged to her task. The aroma of Tracey’s arousal spurred her on, seeming to draw her tongue to lick every slick, smooth surface and probe every cavity. The young girl was writhing and moaning under her ministrations, and she was surprised to learn that pleasuring another woman could be so exciting.

“Do a good job, Gwen,” ordered Michael. “Or I will use that fly swatter on your tits.”

Michael’s voice drove Gwen to try even harder to bring Tracey to a mind-blowing orgasm. But when Tracey began to make noises like she was close, Michael pulled her away from Gwen’s mouth and off of the counter.

“I want you to come on my cock,” he said. “You can have more fun with Gwen later, but I’ve waited long enough to enjoy that ripe young body of yours.”

He sat down on a kitchen chair and drew Tracey onto his lap facing him. Her naked body rubbed against the hard cock in his pants, and she wanted it.

“Take it out and put it in you,” he ordered.

The lust crazed girl squirmed on his lap working furiously to open his pants. Finally she freed his erect cock and rubbed against her sensitized pussy. She was so wet that the head easily slipped into her.

“Ohhhh, yessss,” she moaned as she used her legs to ride him up and down. It didn’t take long for both of them to reach a shattering climax. Gwen watched them from her bound position at the counter and wondered what would come next.

Michael stretched out his legs and let Tracy work her hips against him in a futile effort to keep him hard enough to give her a second orgasm. “Come on you big stud,” she exhorted. “I want you to fuck me again. Show the snotty Mrs. Hollyfield how I turn you on.”

“Not going to happen,” he laughed. “I’m not a teenager anymore. It will take me an hour to get recharged. But I like to see you rutting like this in response to having another woman involved. You and I are going to have an exciting future. Now get off and go untie Gwen. The three of us need to have a little chat.”

Tracey pouted as she reluctantly raised herself from Michael’s lap and sashayed over to where Gwen was stretched out over the counter. “The master says I should let you up, but I’m going to make sure you come up as naked as I am.”

Freeing Gwen’s hands Tracey ordered her lower her arms so that her open blouse could be slipped down and off. Next came the strap that was holding her to the counter, and when she stood her ravaged skirt dropped to the floor. Embarrassed in spite of everything that had happened, she attempted to use her arm and hand to cover the most private parts of her naked body.

“Too late for that,” Tracey chortled. “Let’s go see what else that gorgeous man has in mind.” She took the older woman’s arm and helped her take a few wobbly steps toward Michael. “Here she is,” Tracy announced. “Ready and willing for whatever you want to do to her...or to me.”

Michael smiled at the two naked females who stood before him. It was a fantasy made real—control over two women, one young and beautiful and the other voluptuous and wealthy, both sexually aroused by being dominated by him and willing to play any role in his threesome production. “I am going to bring you some special clothes to wear,” he said. “Put them on, fix yourselves up, and join me in the living room for conversation and refreshments.”

He went to a closet and selected two flimsy garments from a rack of sexy lingerie. He liked his women partially dressed, especially after having sex with them. It revived his interest much faster when some measure of mystery and anticipation was restored. Naked bodies were great at the right moment, but too much exposure made him think of hospitals.

Over the years he had carefully built his collection of erotic garments, and he had items in all sizes and styles. He seldom had a problem persuading his sexual

partners to model for him. Once their inhibitions had been overcome, women generally loved to use their bodies to tease him.

For Gwen he picked a long, blue satin robe, open to a deep V in the front but cinched under the bust with a sash in a way that he knew would support and accentuate her large breasts. Below the sash the robe flared open, necessitating the matching bikini panties.

He knew that the younger Tracey with her tight body would look great in one of his many baby doll type sets, and he picked a pink one with a fringed halter top and a short ruffled skirt. There were no matching panties with this one.

“Here you go, girls,” he said. “Use the bedroom and bathroom through there. You will find a selection of high heeled slippers in the bedroom closet. I expect you in the dining area in ten minutes. In the meantime I will open some wine and prepare us a light supper.”

Chapter 7

“My god, what have we gotten into?” exclaimed Gwen as the two of them entered the bedroom.

Tracey laughed. “I don’t know, but you have to admit it is exciting.”

“Oh yes. I never thought I would experience anything like that! It’s like one of those bodice ripper novels come to life!”

“I used to read those too. But I never met a man who came close to behaving the way the brutes in those stories did. When Michael tied me across his desk in front of you I expected any minute to wake up from an erotic dream.”

“It’s no dream,” Gwen lamented. “My sore ass and nipples attest to that.”

“Mine too. Why did it turn us on so?”

“Probably the same reason we liked reading those trashy novels. We like to be swept away and forced to give ourselves completely to a strong man.”

Tracey nodded. “Then let’s just go with it.”

“I don’t see that we really have any choice,” Gwen said. “And I wouldn’t mind if I weren’t so concerned about other people finding out.”

“Nobody’s going to find out from me,” Tracey promised. “I’m not going to advertise be humiliated like this. And Michael is not the type to brag about his conquests.”

“Oh I hope you’re right. But what if he brings other people into our game?”

“We’ll have to cross that bridge when we come to it. But why would he need to when we provide everything he wants.”

Gwen raised her eyebrows. “Yea, including girl on girl action. How do you feel about that?”

Tracey took her hand and looked straight into her eyes. “I liked it Gwen. I like sex, and I liked the way you stimulated me. I look forward to doing it to you. You’re not that much older than me, and I think we can become really close friends.”

“Oh god help me. I felt a rush when you said that. It sounds like you have been with other women before.”

“Yes, but only once, and it was also in the presence of a man. I am definitely not a lesbian, although it was exciting to see the effect on the man and the other girl.”

“I think I am the same way,” Gwen said, “but I never knew it until today.”

“Today was indeed an eye opener,” Tracey agreed. “How do I look in this frilly thing?”

“You know you look terrific. With your figure you’d look good in anything.”

Tracey posed in front of the full length mirror on the back of the closet door. “You don’t think this baby doll style makes me look too young and naive? I want to relate to him on equal terms.”

“He picked that outfit for you because that’s just how he wants you to look,” Gwen chuckled. “And I don’t think Mr. Michael is interested in an equal terms relationship. He has to dominate.”

“That’s okay with me,” Tracey mused. “I like him to be in charge, but I want him to see me as a willing participant in his games. I think Michael and I could become an ‘item’, as they say. I intend to be more than just another fling.”

“Good luck. He’s going to be slippery. But you are off to a good start.”

“What about you?” Tracey asked.

“Oh I’m not naïve enough to believe I could have a truly romantic relationship with a younger man like Michael. I’ll settle for having him as a friend, a friend with benefits, as they say. You won’t have any competition from me. You both are incredibly sexy and I hope you will want to include me in your games.”

“I definitely want you involved,” Tracey said quickly. “He’s a bit scarey. Until I know him better I feel safer with you being a part of it. Speaking of which, what do you think he wants to talk to us about?”

“We will just have to go out there and find out. I’m sure it will be something outlandish. I just hope nobody finds out. But if they do and it makes me uncomfortable, I guess I could always move to California. I’ve toyed with that idea anyway.”

Tracey grinned. “There you go. You have nothing to lose. Neither do I. Let’s go see what the master has in mind.”

END OF PART I

Other erotic fiction by Chris Snow

Submission – A Tale of Letting Go

At age 40 Carol finds herself alone, with no job, and little money. A handsome stranger senses something in her that he wants, and he offers her a solution to her problems. In return all she has to do is acknowledge her submissive side and enter the world of her fantasies. In the beginning some of his demands are hard to meet, but in the end she revels in her new life.

True Intimacy

What happens when a man, fed up with playing games, reveals his sexual fantasies of dominance and submission to his new girlfriend, and finds to his delight that she shares them? The result is True Intimacy and the beginning of real life exciting adventures that neither of them could have imagined.

The Best Kind of Present

Imagine my surprise when I entered my new apartment and found that the previous tenant, a woman, had left me her sub for the weekend. Her name was Celia, and I really put her through her paces, teaching her how to serve men as well as women. She was the best kind of present.

Under My Hands

A skillful male masseuse takes a female client to places she has fantasized about but was afraid to go. He gets her to relax and maneuvers her to the point where there is no turning back. When she realizes that she has no choice, she submits and gives herself over to her pleasure, and his.

Never Too Late

Vickie is a middle-aged sexually frustrated woman whose circumstances require her to find a high paying job. Sam offers her the perfect job, but to get it she must submit to his voracious sexual appetite. She finds that his demands match her latent sexuality, and she learns that it is never too late to enjoy the pleasures of a BDSM oriented, no-holds-bared lifestyle.

A Door is Opened

Sonya's dull life is relieved only by sexual fantasies she never thought would

happen. Then suddenly a stranger appears who recognizes her need and takes advantage. He shows her the pleasures that await if she is willing to “open the door.”

The Commerce Club

A young woman is befriended by an older man and finds herself the member of an exclusive club where men and women indulge their fantasies of dominance and submission. She experiences the pleasures of giving up control and learns how to make herself appealing to the man she desires

Dinner With Marge

It was supposed to be a quiet dinner to get to know each other, even though we knew each other pretty well already from chatting on the internet. You were cute and sassy, and submitted readily to my sexual overtures. We ended up making quite a scene in the restaurant, and in the end drew the waiter and the owner into our games.

Mixing Pleasure with Business

Laura is an accomplished and beautiful female engineer who joins forces with a savvy technical sales representative to entice their clients to give them big orders. Laura likes it rough, and so do some of the customers.

Foreclosure

A young couple over extend themselves and find that they cannot make their mortgage payment to the bank, let alone keep up their second mortgage to their older neighbors. The neighbors are willing to help out, but the price is a kind of sexual servitude. The excitement mounts and before long the couple is caught up in the swinging lifestyle of their neighbors.

The Innkeeper

The Hideway Inn was a sleepy, southern B&B until Jack Norword and his trophy wife Laurel arrived. Stephen, the innkeeper, and his neighbor Elizabeth come under the spell of the hedonistic couple, and after some intense encounters, Stephen is persuaded to turn his inn into a haven for couples seeking to add excitement to their lives.